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AND HEADLINES**

INSIDE

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LANZA'S GOT A SECRET!



Screenwriter Ben Hecht has been nominated as the Optimist of the Year by most Hollywood columnists for scripting a picture starring Mario Lanza. Any Los

Mario claims the Lord passed on the voice of Caruso to himself-- but his sound crew knows better!

Angeles bookie will give you ten to one odds that the temperamental tenor will never again appear on film.

How can they be so sure? Because the big secret that Lanza has guarded so carefully for so long is beginning to leak out. Once the truth is known, it will explain away many of the enigmas which surround the singer's emotional eruptions over the past two years.

His dwindling circle of well-wishers has badgered Lanza for months to take ▶



Peter Lind Hayes fell for the ruse when Lanza hoodwinked him into believing that the rich voice on an original Caruso recording really belonged to himself

a turn on the psychiatrist's couch, but Mario can't seem to bring himself to do so. He feels he is bitterly persecuted by his fair-weather friends and mistreated by his showbusiness associates.

Once he did weaken for an hour and actually visited a West Coast rest home. Grimly, he waddled into the famed sanitarium, signed his name to the register with a flourish—and then turned right around and walked out again.

This little episode is typical of his temperamental tailspins, which many backstagers report are beyond his control. Lanza's artistic stubbornness has already cost him a lucrative movie contract, as well as the respect of his baffled fans.

After his pitiful televi-

sion fiasco last winter, many hopeful people thought that the overweight and overwrought singer had finally learned his lesson. Complaining of a convenient attack of laryngitis—as he so often does—Lanza tried to fake his way through the coast-to-coast broadcast by merely moving his lips silently in unison to some of his past recordings which were played off-camera.

Laryngitis was also the alibi he used three months later to cancel a fabulous \$100-a-minute engagement at the plush Last Frontiers Hotel in Las Vegas. Tongue-waggers throughout the nation immediately theorized that the pudgy tenor was suffering from a severe case of stage-fright. Because of his bulging belt-

line, they explained, Lanza was too self-conscious to appear in public.

They were right about the stage-fright, but very wrong about the reasons for it. Some of the greatest singers in operatic history have sported barrel bellies, yet few of them ever had any qualms about singing to live audiences. One of them was Enrico Caruso, the famed Italian tenor whose memory Lanza idolizes and whose voice he tries to emulate. His press agents have long billed him as the "modern Caruso."

He got away with it for a long time on movie and TV screens, but his stage appearances have been rarer than pickpockets at a nudist colony. Caruso had a full voice that boomed loud and clear to the very last seats of the topmost balconies in the world's largest opera houses.

Lanza, on the other hand, suffers from a lack of vocal power and volume. When he sings on a movie set or in a recording studio, his small voice is amplified many times by a sound engineer who simply twists



Italian-born Enrico Caruso is conceded to be the best tenor in the last century, but Lanza claims otherwise

a knob or two in the control booth. This is the secret that has Mario impaled on the daggers of despair.

Does this mean that the corpulent Caruso-imitator is a phony? It certainly does—he always was. When Lanza auditioned for a GI show back in his army days, Peter Lind Hayes, also in uniform, was told that the unknown had a remarkable voice. Arriving at Mario's camp he met the young

man who explained in a hoarse voice that he wasn't up to singing—"Laryngitis, you know"—but that he did have a recording which would serve the purpose.

Hayes listened to the disk, flipped, and admitted that Lanza's singing was as rich and vibrant as that of the Great Caruso. It should have been. For the "Lanza" recording was dubbed from an original Caruso recording! ■

In recent months, the overwrought singer has rarely left the confines of his home which he shares with large family

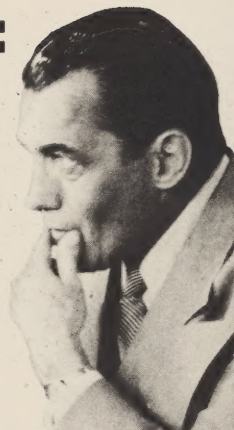


Lanza's vocal coach, Giacomo Spadoni, who also tutored Caruso, still thinks Mario can sing



GODFREY TO SULLIVAN:

"YOU'RE A DOPE"



Teabag sales slumped when Arthur forgot his manners

In case the big-wigs in the Lipton Tea Company are wondering why sales have nose-dived in the Boston area, the reason can be traced to their ukelele-strumming super-salesman, Arthur Godfrey. Seems that Carrot-top's silver tongue tarnished a bit when he made some ungentelemanly remarks on the air about a fellow TV giant—Ed Sullivan—who can do no wrong in Beantown.

Godfrey's wisecracks

kicked up quite a fuss in the Boston papers. Thousands of outraged televiewers deluged the local news-sheets and the teabag-tout-er's television network with poison-pen letters of protest. To date, there has been no apology from Godfrey.

If you are one of those ultra-rare individualists who has never glimpsed the Godfrey show, you have missed the greatest exhibition of bare-faced sentimentality since Tarzan wooed

Jane. One by one, an array of "Little Godfreys" paraded to the microphone and stood there gazing at their shoes while Arthur told the audience what good boys and girls they were.

After five minutes of "Yes, Mr. Godfrey" and "No, Mr. Godfrey," the boys and girls sang their allotted songs and returned to their seats off-camera. For the rest of the program they giggled it up every time Carrot-top burped, coughed,

sneezed or mumbled one of his world-shattering witticisms.

The stunned audience was wreathed in death-like silence when Godfrey lowered the boom on Sullivan. Holding a clipping from Sullivan's syndicated column, referring to another operation on his ailing hip, Godfrey acidly called the stone-faced emcee a "dope" for not checking with him on the surgical matter.

Actually, this was only



Co-producer Larry Puck (left) was given the gate by Godfrey for asking the hand of singer Marion Marlowe (right) who is some 30 years his junior. She was exiled three months later, with a dozen others. Reason: Low ratings

Rosa split, there are still hard feelings on both sides.

Godfrey is mad at LaRosa because the young baritone went right ahead and made a success of himself after being booted from the ranks of the "Little Godfreys." It was a blow to Carrot-top's pride. He had predicted LaRosa's downfall. When he fired someone, he was sure that his victim would stay fired—from all of showbusiness.

Since LaRosa said bye-bye, Godfrey has expelled at least a dozen other people on his staff, including Larry Peck (co-producer), Marion Marlowe (vocalist), Haleloke (Hawaiian hula



the kicker to a long-standing backstage feud between the two video rangers. Godfrey has been incensed at Sullivan ever since the latter permitted Julius LaRosa to warble a few bars on "Toast of the Town." Despite all the cover-up publicity about the Godfrey-La-



Because of his hire-fire antics, the freckled TV giant has many enemies

specialist), the Mariners (male quartet) and a squad of writers. Reason: Insubordination, although better-sounding reasons were usually handed to the press by his publicity platoon.

Like an outraged god, it is Godfrey's way of damn-

because of his sagging Nielsen ratings, thus putting the entire blame for his fading popularity on his underlings.

"A very sick man," according to one of his associates, Godfrey has never taken kindly to any references to his health from any source, let alone Ed Sullivan. He is obsessed with a fear of death and he doesn't like to be reminded that even he must hit the sod someday just like any ordinary mortal. Perhaps he was infected with this fear while he was peddling gravestones back in the early Twenties.

It is reasonable to think so. After all, he was earning as much as \$500 a week following up obituaries—and that was a pretty robust salary for any youngster. But despite his blossoming bank account, Godfrey upped and quit one day without an explanation. Could it be that he was too close to the grisly spectre of death that hounds him to this day? ■

Godfrey declared war on Sullivan when the granite-faced emcee gave an engagement on "Toast of the Town" to Julius La-Rosa. Marion Marlow also sang for Sullivan after firing

ing the little people around him who get too big for their britches—or panties, as the case may be. When he dropped nine of them at once, he explained it was

INSIDE STUFF

this and that from here and there

Howard Hughes slugged a Chicago airline hostess and spent big money to keep it hushed up . . . Peggy Ann Garner's mother was pulled out of a gas-filled apartment recently. Police found a note asking Peggy's forgiveness . . . Spencer Tracy broke a bottle over a swish's head during a Greenwich Village brawl . . . George Gobel has intimates worried about his capacity for hard liquor.

Kirk Douglas spotted swimming in the all-together again . . . Edmund O'Brien has been put on a strict diet by his medics . . . Kate Smith has returned to television doing commercials for a food outfit . . . Jo Stafford is battling off a nervous breakdown . . . Ray Anthony telegraphed Mamie Van Doren every hour on the hour for 24 hours to tell her he loved her . . . Las Vegas now offers drive-in marriages.

Bella Darvi is in trouble for leaving Paris for New York without clearing with the Immigration Authorities . . . Christine Jorgenson's latest kick: morning milk baths . . . Uncle Sam is badgering Billy Eckstein about back taxes . . . An old stag movie featuring a very young Joan Crawford is making the Penthouse rounds . . . Haile Selassie ordered his 22-year-old grandson out of Columbia University after word reached Ethiopia about his orgies with American coeds.

Debra Paget has a platoon of private eyes on the trail of a lewd photo . . . Willie Mays was arrested four times in two weeks for reckless driving . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has a diary that could wreck numerous Hollywood marriages if she ever decides to publish it . . . Sonny Tufts fell off the wagon again . . . Lana Turner and Lex Barker are expected to buy a chain of Mexican hotels.

After a full-scale investigation, the FBI finally nabbed the local femme who was stealing the toilet paper from government bathrooms in the Pentagon. She had 150 rolls of the stuff in her home . . . Van Johnson has been borrowing cash from his friends again . . . Ann Miller has been spating with mama who doesn't like her flirtatious ways.



Spencer Tracy



Mamie Van Doren



William Bendix

Roddy McDowell is pouting over a lost love. Nobody knows if it was male or female . . . Ken Maynard, old-time cowboy star, arrested again on a drunk rap . . . Bill Bendix is plenty worried over his ulcer . . . Ethel Barrymore doing all she can to keep niece Diana's name out of the papers . . .



WHY GAIL RUSSELL WENT WRONG

*a weakness for the bottled-in-bond
plus her tremendous timidity could
spell only one thing--breakdown!*

Everybody's entitled to his share of mistakes, but but pretty Gail Russell has been a hog about the whole thing. The blue-eyed actress-turned-alcoholic can look back with bleary eyes on a tragic lifetime of errors. Her biggest blunder was trying to cope with the never-ending ulcer war in Hollywood.

Gail should never have become an actress in the first place. She has all the physical attributes of the average marquee queen,

but she never had the rock-ribbed confidence nor the ability to take the hard knocks that go with a theatrical career.

Ever since childhood, Gail has been an unhappy, mixed-up kid. When she was pigtail age, in Chicago some 27 years ago, she used to hide from guests in her parent's home. As a teenager in Santa Monica, Calif., she suffered periods of abnormal elation and depression. In the words of a psychiatrist, Gail is a ma-



nic depressive. In the words of an intimate friend, "her timidity is tremendous."

Gail's next major mistake was committed in 1949 when she permitted herself to become Mrs. Guy Madison. Before the wedding cake was stale, she was already hitting the bottle like a sailor on the Sahara.

20

Madison, quiet, moody, simple and shy, was not the Guy for Gail. By the time they started divorce proceedings, early in 1954, Gail was teetering perilously close to a complete nervous breakdown.

It was a domestic battle-royal in November, 1953, that finally kayoed their marriage. After the brawl was over, Gail was picked up by the Santa Monica police for drunken driving. She was fined \$150 and placed on two years probation after promising the judge that she would be a good girl.

Since then, she has been booked twice again for motoring while soused. Both times in Hollywood, fortunately for her—the mov-

Above left: In happier times, Russell gossips with Russell backstage.

Above right: Climax of stormy marriage to Guy Madison was long binge



ieville cops are prone to overlook a little overexuberance on the part of their stellar citizens.

Marriage to Madison was a painful failure, a searing experience for Gail. When he moved out, bag and baggage, one week after their bedroom embroglio, she consulted a psychia-

trist. The doctor recommended a sanitarium in Oregon, but her trip was fruitless. She was soon resorting to bottled goods again to bolster her sagging ego.

Before the divorce decree became final, Madison had already kissed off all the women on his string, in-



tionally involved with another woman."

By the time this momentous news had reached the reading public, Madison and Sheila were cozily munching tomatos together in Mexico. When their little joy jaunt was ended, he proudly boasted to friends that he had gained back the 20 pounds he had lost fretting over Gail. By October 25, 1953, his divorce was clinched. That's when the news broke of his secret marriage to Sheila.

When divorce became final, Madison announced that he and Sheila Connelly were married on sly in Mexico

cluding Eva Gabor and Virginia Grey, to concentrate on Sheila Connelly, a size-nine beauty from County Kildaire. When asked about his honorable intentions toward Sheila, the wayward husband said: "I'm still devoted to Gail. Anything she needs from me she can have. I don't expect I'll ever get emo-

Meanwhile, Gail has been desperately battling her weakness for whiskey. She even joined Alcoholics Anonymous in an effort to stay on the wagon. She was so successful that she tried to slash her wrists three months ago. Even the bottled-in-bond can't help her forget all those terrible mistakes. ■

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TOUGH TONY

AND THE BRASS-HATS

*A waterfront baron
creates a headache
in the Pentagon...*

Our military policy makers in the Pentagon know that the man who controls the hookwielders and dock-wallopers, who load the ships on the Brooklyn waterfront, is an important cog in the nation's defense network.

Brooklyn is the Army's New York Port of Embarkation. The base is responsible for the logistic support of all American forces ►

Anastasia's dockwallopers listen and obey



Big brother, Albert, was on board of directors of Murder Inc. during kill-crazy days of prohibition

stationed across the Atlantic. From these wharves flow the material for our men and bases from frigid Thule, Greenland, near the Arctic Circle, to steaming desert airfields in Africa.

There's a bumper crop of ulcers incubating in the Pentagon these days. Reason: The man who lords over this vital ocean traffic is none other than swaggering Anthony (Tough Tony) Anastasia, who no longer has to fret in the shadow of his "influential" big brother, Albert, famed executioner for Murder Inc. during blood-and-thunder prohibition days.

Tough Tony is all-powerful on the Brooklyn piers today, after forcing the graft-ridden International Longshoremen's Association to make him vice-president. Many respectable labor leaders fought tooth and nail to defeat Anastasia's coup. If he did not control the Brooklyn dockworkers, the rest of the ILA would not have promoted him—for they tried to get rid of him for more than a year.

But Tough Tony was too powerful. He has a strong-arm hold over half the men who work in the entire port of New York, and if he wanted to split the ILA and tie up with independent longshoremen's unions on the West Coast, his loyal laborers would have followed to a man.

His elevation to the ILA vice presidency was watched by Pentagon brass-hats almost as closely as they watched the Formosan wa-

terfront. Tough Tony's men load strategic weapons and top-secret equipment for the critical Far East, as well as for military depots on the Atlantic and Mediterranean. From Anastasia's docks the Army runs a transoceanic ferry service to ports in England, France and Italy.

This shuttle service must not miss a single departure or somewhere a U.S. outpost will skip a heartbeat. Whether or not the ferry ►



Supplies for American forces throughout Europe, Africa and Greenland are loaded in Brooklyn by Tough Tony's steredadates



Influential labor czars like AFL prexy George Meany (below) and Dave Dubinsky of garment workers, have been fighting the likes of Tough Tony for many years. If the ILA becomes part of AFL Teamsters, they fear he will make attempt to move up in union

operates on schedule is in Tough Tony Anastasia's soiled hands. The Army doesn't like to be at the mercy of the unsavory ex-con. His best friends are listed in gangland's Who's Who; many have already been deported.

In the event of all-out war with Russia, the lives of American GIs will depend upon Tough Tony's questionable patriotism. His greed for money has been demonstrated in the past. If the price was right, there is nothing to stop him from sabotaging the entire supply system. The Army knows this — and there should be some fireworks soon. ■



Jeeps to be shipped to overseas bases wait on dock for loading crews



his political sins almost cost the Oscar-winning director his career

In the past two years, pint-sized Elia Kazan has risen to become one of the giants in the theatrical world. His spectacular series of successes as director of "On the Waterfront," "East of Eden," "Tea and Sympathy" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" has earned him one Academy Award, several laurel wreaths from the Broadway critics and a promotion to official show-business sainthood.

But, only three short years ago, on April 9, 1952, the squint-eyed director-

The inquisitive Congressmen specifically wanted to know about Kazan's two-year stint as a card-carrying member of the Communist Party. Fired-up with Kremlin-inspired idealism, he followed in the tainted footsteps of many Hollywood hollow-heads and signed the roster of Red allegiance in 1934.

After two years of wrestling with his conscience and watching the workings of anti-American, double-dealing Commie agents, Kazan's naivete was rubbed

KAZAN'S RED SWITCH

genius was as jumpy as a clubfooted cat on a red-hot roof. Reason: He was subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington to answer some pertinent questions about his murky past.

off. In 1936 he quit. Those 24 months added up to the biggest mistake in his career. For 16 years his Red-tinted past dogged him. Yet, when he was called before the House Committee, Kazan steadfastly refused ►



Actors J. Edward Bromberg (above) and Morris Carnovsky (below) were mentioned by Kazan in his testimony during inquiry



His closed-mouth attitude almost got him thrown off the screen in 1952. After several warnings from the holy-holies of movieville, Kazan realized his career was in jeopardy. After a little soul-searching, he requested a return engagement with the Committee. Taking the witness stand for the second time, he rapidly reeled off the names of seven people who had belonged to his party cell. They include such well-known "spies and terrorists" as Phoebe Brand, the late J. Edward Bromberg and Morris Carnovsky.

Before stepping down, Kazan made a little speech: "First hand experience of party dictatorship and thought control left me with an abiding hatred . . . of Communist philosophy and methods." The youngsters of the theater, black-mailed for years by the threat that unless they joined the Commies their careers would be wrecked, learned that the Red ultimatum was so much wind.

If the public had known about Kazan's bout with the Commies, they might have understood the deeper

meaning of "Waterfront." On the surface it tells the sordid tale of a hard-bitten longshoreman who fights back against the iron-fist racket regime that controls the dockworkers in the New York area.

But, Kazan was actually dramatizing his own denunciation of the Communists. In the picture, Marlon Brando turns against the waterfront dictators, at

the urging of the priest and the girl he loved. In real life, Kazan played the same role before the Un-American Activities Committee. Kazan, in the face of disaster and after much hesitation, named names and dates the same as Brando did in the film.

The blue-ribbon director doesn't deserve a medal for what he has done. Can you blame a man for the dance he does on a hot tin roof? ■

Kazan (left) takes the N. Y. critics' award as star Barbara Bel Geddes watches the proceedings





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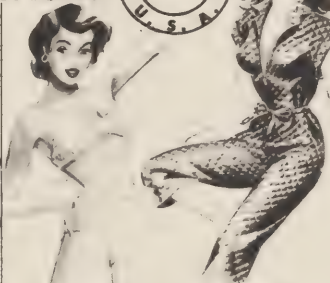


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***Mama married an Italian prizefighter:
--and Fatso didn't learn his lesson***

Before he became a battle-hardened divorce-court gladiator, John Jacob Astor III once said: "The wedding of an Astor is a momentous occasion in American history." But, by the time he locked horns with his third wife, blonde and beautiful Dolores Fullman, the fat financier had shifted to a more modest viewpoint. Every effort was made to hush their marriage.

His wedding portrait shows anything but a happy groom. Even the 26-year-old bride noticed John Jacob's funereal look. "The poor man!" cried Dolores as she planted a chaste kiss

on his drooping jowls.

He had reason to look worried. It finally occurred to him that the short-order Mexican divorce he got from wife number two, ocarina heiress Gertrude Gretsche, was not the most solid foundation upon which to build another marriage. His worst fears were soon realized, and as a result he is skating on the thinnest social ice since mama went to bed with an Italian prizefighter, Ezio Fiermonte.

It was 20 years ago that the rotund millionaire first waddled down the aisle. He was slated to wed Eileen Gillespie, but he chucked

IS MR. ASTOR AN

ALIMONY PAUPER?

He dumped the bride

her at the last moment for a comely brunette who was to be a bridesmaid at the wedding. Her name is Tucky French.

Tucky is the daughter of a well-born but whimsical gentleman, Francis O. French, who once startled the lifted-pinky set by turning taxi-driver. Francis explained that he needed a few extra bucks and asked, "What's wrong with hacking anyhow?"

Nine years later, Tucky took the Reno route to marital freedom. When the court signed her decree she was a half-million dollars richer. Before 12 months had passed, John Jacob was at the altar again, this time with Gertrude. Their real-life bedroom farce lasted a decade before he hot-footed it south of the border and shed her with a simple stroke of the pen.

Gertrude waited until he plunged into wedlock with Dolores before declaring that his Mexican divorce was invalid and suing for



Eileen Gillespie was left at the altar by the fickle fat boy at the last minute

bigamy, divorce and \$500,000. John Jacob was honeymooning with Dolores in Paris at the time. He ignored the whole thing until Gertrude attached his liquid assets in New York and forced him to come home for lack of pocket money.

After listening to Gertrude's side of the story, in which she accused him of romancing an army of wenches on the side, the judge awarded her \$3500 a week temporary alimony. The judge remarked that her charges were "scandal-

and took the bridesmaid

ous" and court officials refused to make public the "sizzling" allegations.

Gertrude's request for \$500,000 is still pending. It must have inspired Dolores for just 41 days after she exchanged vows with John Jacob, she suddenly became matrimonially disenchanted, traipsed into a Miami divorce court and sued for a like amount. She claimed that the corpulent scion has "repulsive" sexual habits.

John Jacob has always said that he wants a girl "who knows her way around." Dolores fills the bill. Before becoming his third missus, she was married to a navy lieutenant at the age of 16. It was a wartime romance and was quickly scuttled. She later quit the University of Chicago to work as a receptionist in a local radio station.

George Devron, a musician at the same station, played the fiddle so movingly that she announced their engagement. After a jig-time junket to Paris, George



Astor's first bride, Tucky French, was supposed to be bridesmaid at his nuptials

left her dangling on the bough for John Jacob's picking. If the 42-year-old moneyman thought he had found true love at last, he was sadly mistaken.

The Miami divorce judge



Wife number two, ocaring heiress Gretchen Grech, is suing for \$500,000 worth of alimony like Tucky did

Downcast Dolores Fullman leaves court after judge branded her a golddigger and awarded paltry \$75 a week

branded her a "scheming, lying golddigger," and instead of the half million she wanted, he awarded her a paltry \$75 a week. The press and public were banned from the proceedings because of the "filthy nature of the testimony."

The magistrate also observed that Dolores was earning \$65 a week before she donned the bridal veil for John Jacob, so the court award actually amounts to a raise. A sigh of relief was heard from the Astor corner. His fortune has reportedly dwindled to a measly \$2,500,000 and another half million in alimony would be quite a chunk to lose.

Has John Jacob learned his lesson? Not on your life. He just presented his current favorite, stunning Barbara Lee, with a \$35,000 diamond necklace, adding



more fuel to the rumor that the two will be wed as soon as his present marital mess is straightened out.

Frantic parents, courts and welfare agencies across the nation are grimly battling a new killer craze which has infected the ranks of America's hop-happy teenagers. The deadly craze is a form of drug addiction, particularly dangerous because the law can do nothing about it!

Desoxyephedrine hydrochloride is the scientific name for the killer, although adolescent addicts have nicknamed it "nose pop." Anyone can buy it at the corner drugstore. It is an active ingredient in most brands of commercially prepared nose drops.

Federal law classifies it

as a stimulant, not a drug, and no prescription is needed to purchase it in patent medicines intended for external use. Over-the-counter sales are perfectly legal. When taken by the drop as directed, it is of great value in combatting nasal colds. When gulped down in "kick-size" it can damage the

Below left: Veteran users of heroin told police how they bought "nose-pop" in drug stores and mainlined it when they lost contact with regular dope supplier



brain tissues, skyrocket blood pressure and seriously impair the heart.

The teenage jag began in California where roaring parties were held with each youngster bringing his or her own bottle of drops. After swallowing enough to get high, all moral restraint leaves the youngsters and the parties often develop into gang orgies. News of the new and inexpensive potion traveled along the grapevine of high school thrill clubs at supersonic speed. City after city was soon reporting cases of sickness and mental derangement caused by overdoses of desoxyephedrine hydrochloride.

"It's crazy stuff," brag- ▶

A drop fights colds -- a bottle kills

ged one 14 year old. "Makes you feel real high and mighty." What he didn't know is that the hangover is often permanent. The next day they took him to a hospital, trussed in a straightjacket. He was violently insane.

When a worried Chicago mother recently noticed that her son was acting strange, refusing to eat and losing

sleep because of recurring nightmares, she questioned the boy at length. Finally he broke down and told how he and his friends had discovered "nose pop" at a neighborhood party.

He described how the kids mixed it with orange juice and had some shocking petting parties after the drug took effect. Then he explained that there is nothing wrong with the potion because it is "cheap and legal."

Police authorities are stymied because there is no law prohibiting the sale—and the use—of desoxyephedrine hydrochloride. According to one frustrated official: "They're even mainlining it." He was referring to long-time users of heroin, morphine or cocaine, who inject "nose pop" into their veins when they've lost their pusher contacts or can't afford the much

Upon searching known drug addict, police found only two bottles of nose-drops and couldn't make arrest



Teenaged man and wife were nabbed in West Coast hop party. Authorities are worried about the growing menace

more expensive narcotics.

Some of the kids buy four or five bottles a day, according to authoritative estimates. Most of the teenagers are under the illusion that "nose pop" is harmless because it can be purchased so easily. Too many have found out too late that it can literally disintegrate the brain and make mewling idiots out of users.

Legitimate druggists are aware of the growing peril, but there is little they can do to stop the traffic. The youthful addicts are canny enough not to buy their

entire supply in one store, thus diminishing the chances of arousing suspicion. Some pharmacists have refused to sell nose drops to adolescents when there was a sudden rush on the stuff.

The authorities' hands are tied until either Federal or state lawmakers get around to banning the sale of desoxyephedrine hydrochloride without a doctor's prescription. Meanwhile, the nation's thrill-happy teenagers are on the biggest—and most dangerous—spree in history. ■

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WHY VEGAS VETOED GEORGE RAFT



Nevada lawmakers heard
some nasty rumors about
the celluloid thug 

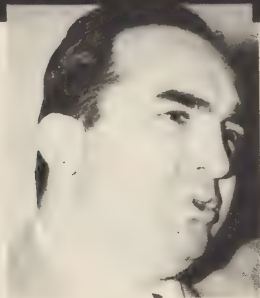
When movie tough guy George Raft applied for a Las Vegas gambling license early this year, the Nevada State Tax Commission brushed him off with lightning disdain. Raft had asked permission to buy a two percent interest in the plush Flamingo Hotel and gaming palace, located in the heart of the desert city's betting boulevard, and claimed that he couldn't un-

derstand the refusal.

Off the record, one of the tax commissioners explained that the suave leading man was banned because of his admitted friendship with such notorious hoodlums as Owen Madden, Mickey Cohen, John Capone and the late Bugsy Siegel.

Raft was outraged when he heard the reason for the commission's unanimous

Raft numbers among his underworld cronies such unsavory hoodlums as Mickey Cohen (below left), J. Capone (below right) and the late gangland victim Bugsy Siegel (right). It's company he keeps that nixed application.





Dark-haired Betty Doss is squired to track by Raft who rarely misses a race. Generally, his winning tips come from the big-money gamblers

veto. "I never had any business dealings with the men they name," he angrily spat back at an inquiring newspaperman. But any call-girl and croupier in Vegas knows that the commissioner did not divulge the whole sordid story.

The graying actor got mixed up with these unsavory characters in his earliest years. He roamed the streets with them as a child in New York's Hell's Kitchen district, where a kid learned the facts of life

before he was old enough for kindergarten. Hardly a day passed in his rugged childhood without a street brawl or gang war.

He left school to become a professional boxer in pre-prohibition days. By the time he had fought his first 25 bouts, under the tutelage of Mack (Killer) Gray, the 18th Amendment was

passed and all his childhood buddies were cashing in on the booming bootlegging business.

Realizing that his chums also controlled all the speakeasies in the East, Raft hung up his gloves and decided to become a dancer. The raging fad of the day was the Charleston, so he went into serious training and emerged to become known as "the world's fastest Charleston dancer." Between practice sessions, he was always seen in the company of beer baron

Owen Madden, who managed to get him well-paying bookings in the best after-dark cellars.

Madden even arranged a European tour for the young hooper, including several command performances before royal audiences. The Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, was wowed by Raft's nimble footwork and dubbed him the "king of American dancers."

With all this success under his belt, he hit the big time on his return to New York when he teamed up



Hollywood offer to Texas Guinan was climaxed with a screen-test for George

with the famous Elsie Pilder. As a smash dance team they starred in a long string of phenomenal Broadway successes. He left Elsie in the lurch when he met the fabulous Texas ("Hello Suckers") Guinan. Cashing in on Guinan's talent, Raft conned her into letting him become her producer and co-star.

Raft was rave of speakeasies

When she was invited to Hollywood to star in a film called "Queen of the Nightclubs," Raft tagged along and fast-talked himself into a screen test. One sharp-eyed casting director called him "the perfect gangster type." His judgment was

vindicated when Raft portrayed a coin-flipping mobster in "Scarface," the picture which secured his career as a celluloid tough guy.

Throughout his Hollywood years, Raft has never lost touch with his racketeer cronies. They have spent



doing the Charleston

many weekends at his tremendous estate in cinema city. His favorite sport nowadays is playing the ponies, and he gets many guilt-edged tips from the boys who ought to know. His house parties are always populated with real-life tough guys.

On the surface, it is this long-standing intimacy with the underworld that queered Raft's application for a Vegas gaming permit. What the Tax Commission did not explain however, is that many Nevada legislators were tipped off that Raft is actually fronting for the entire national gambling syndicate. After all, his glory days in the movies are almost over and easy money has always been Raft's weakness. ■

Raft was heavy loser when he went to European track with Ali Khan, whose tips didn't prove as dependable as those he gets in States

The graying actor's reputation as "perfect gangster type" is borne out



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You are lucky if the pain is all you get. Often the bloated and distended stomach presses upward on the base of your heart, and you get that terrible so-called "heart-burn," right under the lower end of your breastbone. If the condition becomes acute, it can actually cause death.

These gas pains are Mother Nature's danger signals. She is warning you "do something about this quick." If your stomach has to let partly digested food through to your intestines, then you are headed for real trouble. These intestinal upsets cause headaches, lassitude, dizziness, diarrhoea. And all because you didn't stop the trouble right where it started—in your stomach.

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Gary Crosby has
sown too doggone
many wild oats
to suit his sire

**BING'S
"TOM-CAT"
SON**



Bing advised his wayward son to stop overeating if he wants to be top singer

Since the untimely death of his wife, Dixie, crooner Bing Crosby has learned that it's easier to raise four million dollars than four rambunctious sons. Bing has gone into semi-retirement on his sprawling Quarter-Circle-C cattle ranch near Elko, Nevada. Already past the 51-year mark, his health is failing in general, his eyesight in

particular.

If it weren't for the shenanigans of Gary, his eldest chip-off-the-old-block, Bing could sit back and take it easy for his remaining years. He has hoarded an enormous cache of cash during his 30-odd years in showbusiness, enough to live out 20 lifetimes in the lap of luxury.

Bing admits that the biggest mistake he ever made was giving Gary a car four years ago. At that time, the lad was 17 and entering Stanford University as a freshman. Dad gave him a flashy convertible as a send-off gift. A few months later the Dean of Men at the University telephoned Bing and told him that Gary was on the verge of "busting out."

The old man not only garaged the flashy coupe in nothing flat; he broke the disturbing news to his wife. Whereupon Dixie dispatched a letter to her wayward son in which she personally promised to see to it that he was given a job digging ditches for the City of Los Angeles if he flunked out of Stanford.

Gary doesn't like hard

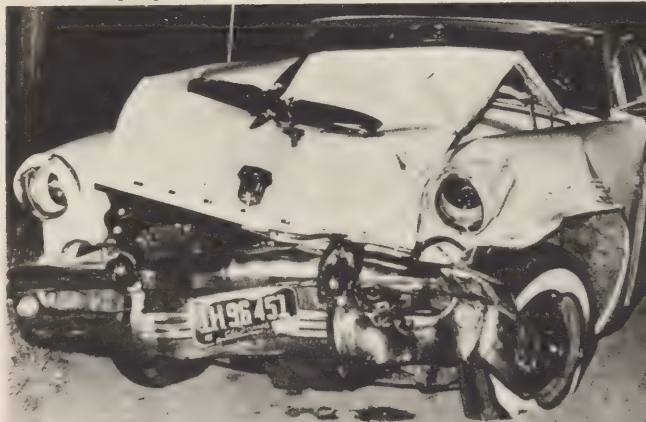
work. While his three brothers, Phil, Dennis and Lindsay, work the family ranch every summer, he concentrates on his radio show and nets between \$250 and \$500 a week for himself. Gary's broadcasting career is a big bone of contention in the Crosby household. Why, the other sons want to know, should Gary be permitted to reap all the money and press notices while they break their backs on the cattle spread for room and board?

Dennis was drafted into

the army this year—and Bing was glad to see him go. This unfatherly attitude stems from the drunken driving charges that were pinned on the boy, and had Bing yanking the hair from his toupee. Gary managed to sidestep the draft, claiming a shoulder weakness. Bing was thoroughly disgusted about the deferment. "The army'll do him good," said the harried sire.

The graying groaner would rather have seen Gary do a stint in the service than Dennis. He hasn't

The elder Crosby confides the biggest mistake he ever made was giving Gary a car. Boy was almost killed in collision



taken kindly to some of the female company that his first born has been keeping. Gary's been mixed up with some pretty gay girls, one of whom has a prison record as long as Liberace's toothbrush. Another gal is rumored to be preparing a paternity suit against the

22-year-old wild-oat sower.

Gary has other serious problems besides women. He is putting on weight faster than a baby elephant. Although three inches shy of six feet tall, he already tips the scales at a flabby 215 pounds. This provoked some good-natured name-calling—such as "Golden Buddha" and "Thin Man," both of which he hates.

Next to tom-cattin', however, eating is his favorite pastime. The only curb on his appetite is his father's warning that too many calories will affect his breathing and his singing.

The "Golden Buddha" won't admit it publicly, but he's got an obsession about getting bald. Doctors have told him that he can look forward to a billiard-ball pate just like Bing's. This drove him to try every hair restorer on the market—but his blond tresses are still sticking to the comb at an alarming rate. ■

Gary has copied his old man's happy-go-lucky singing style



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CANCER QUACKS CAN KILL YOU!

*A growing band of
mercenaries preys
on human suffering*

Alice P. is a woman in her mid-thirties who has been stricken with cancer. After visiting six renowned specialists, all of whom told her the truth—that there is no sure cure for the disease—Alice read a magazine story which described the activities of a doctor in Georgia who is effecting miraculous cures with hundreds of “hopeless cases.”

Despite the warnings of her personal physician and her family, Alice withdrew all her savings from the bank and flew down to the healer's sanitarium. She paid \$200 a week for his treatments until her money ran out. Today she is bedridden. Every glimmer of hope has left Alice: her chances for recovery have decreased a hundredfold. ▶



Conventional treatment
(above) can cure twice
as many sufferers with
early cancer detection



Widespread cancer quackery has caused untold hundreds of needless deaths within recent years, says George Larick, boss of the Food and Drug Comm.

What did the self-styled medicine-man do for Alice? When she arrived he filled her with false hope. In glowing terms he described the tremendous number of cancer patients he had cured after they had been given up for lost by his colleagues who deal in conventional treatment.

Alice, an intelligent if somewhat naive woman, asked him some pertinent questions. She wanted to know why the American Medical Association, the American Cancer Society and the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer have not recognized and adopted his technique.

The doctor glibly explained that he had invited

many investigations by these organizations, but the "racketeers in cancer research have a good thing—they don't want to find a cure because they would lose their jobs." Alice should have known better, but she swallowed the healer's fantastic line.

Actually, these bonafide anti-cancer organizations have tried many times to investigate the quacks and charlatans, but the self-styled experts have refused to cooperate. How can the effectiveness of any cure be evaluated if the medications and techniques are not fully explained to the investigating doctors?

Most of the so-called doctors who claim to have de-

feated cancer are shady businessmen who have had no medical training whatever. Some are MDs suspended from the local medical societies, or practicing physicians who have forfeited their integrity for a fast buck. Others have purchased their degrees for \$100 up. Their ranks are infested with dope addicts, alcoholics and abortionists.

They attract gullible patients with promotional literature, planted magazine and newspaper articles or gigantic and expensive publicity stunts like phony investigations. John Teeter, executive director of the Damon Runyon Fund, says: "The man who discovers the cure for cancer will not have to advertise. The public will beat a path to his door."

The cancerats use a wide variety of hocus-pocus cures such as a spray of burning liquid, a bottle of insects, an injection of distilled water, colored tonics and even caustic and dangerous pastes. All of them are considered worthless and nobody knows how many lives have been snuffed out by

the quack's bungling.

Like Alice P., many cancer victims could have been saved if they followed a reputable doctor's advice. Instead they sacrifice their lives on the altar of false hope. The bogus cancer

Pennsylvania State Senator John Haluska opened a clinic with Harry Hoxsey of Texas



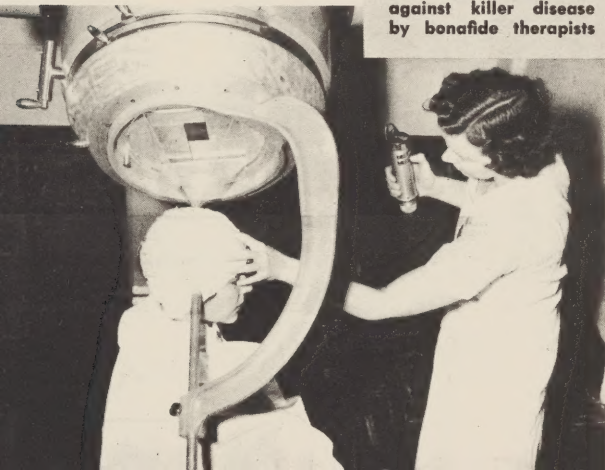
healer robs the patient of irreplaceable time, as well as huge sums of money. One-fourth of today's patients receiving proper care are cured. Early diagnosis and treatment will double this figure.

Why don't the authorities crack down on the vicious parasites who thrive on the misery of others? Because most of these shrewd operators stay just within the letter of the law. The hands of justice are tied, and the medical socie-

ties have no power to prosecute. They can only advise and offer conclusions about the validity of any proposed cure.

As long as the cause of malignant body growth is not discovered by science, so long as people strive to live, the future of the cancer quack is in the hands of you, the public. Only an enlightened citizenry can drive him out of business. ■

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YOU LEARN LATEST RHYTHM ROPES whizzing through Tim's exciting Speed Course! You don't even have to read a note of music. You just whiz along with plain-as-music Picture directions. Then in minutes you're whizzing through harmonica music that makes super-swell listening. Speed Course gives you your all-time favorites like — Yankee Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh My Little Darling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin' Thru' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel! — and 30 MORE!

Plus FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost Noises"? It's EASY with Tim wising you up on these and lots more professional harmonica tricks!

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